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WHEN SHE COMES HOME

By

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Decorated by

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WHEN SHE COMES HOME

WHEN she
comes home
again!
A thousand ways

I fashion, to myself,
the tenderness

Of my glad welcome:
I shall tremble—yes;

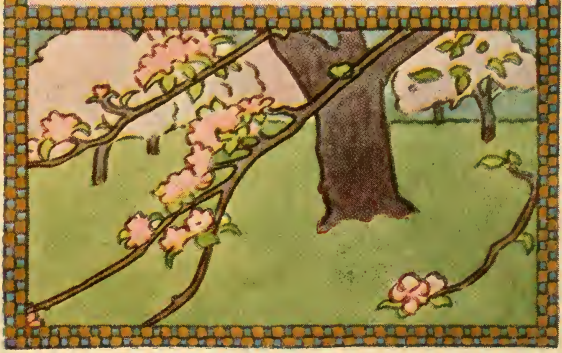
And touch her, as
when first in the
old days

I touched her girlish
hand, nor dared
upraise

Mine eyes, such
was my faint heart's
sweet distress.

Then silence: and
the perfume of
her dress:

The room will sway
a little, and a haze

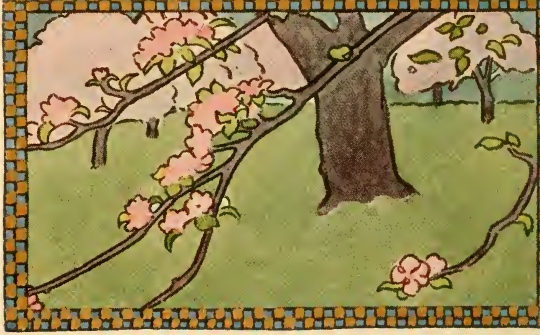


Cloy eyesight—
soul-sight, even
—for a space;

And tears—yes;
and the ache here
in the throat,

To know that I so
ill deserve the place

Her arms make
for me; and the
sobbing note



I stay with kisses,
ere the tearful face

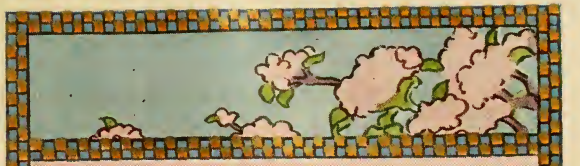
Again is hidden in
the old embrace.

HER BEAUTIFUL HANDS

O YOUR HANDS—
they are strangely fair!

Fair—for the jewels
that sparkle there,—

Fair—for the
witchery of the spell



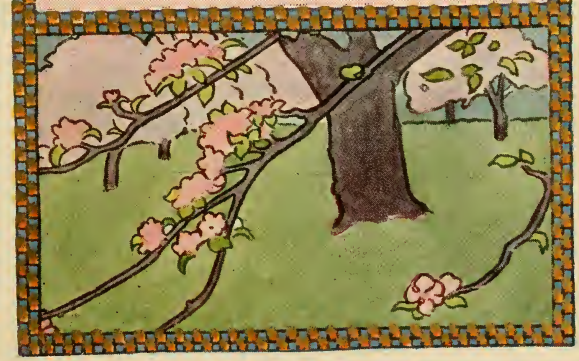
That ivory keys
alone can tell;

But when their
delicate touches rest

Here in my own
do I love them best,

As I clasp with eager,
acquisitive spans

My glorious treasure
of beautiful hands!

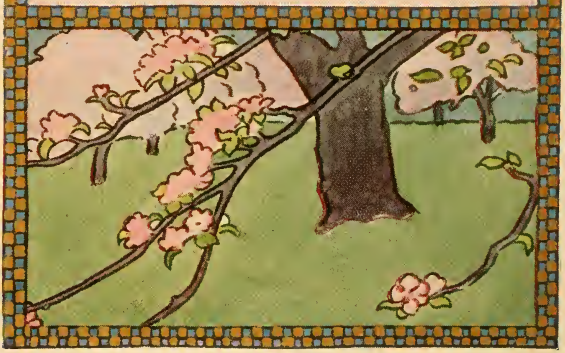


Marvelous—
wonderful—
beautiful hands!

They can coax
roses to bloom
in the strands

Of your brown
tresses; and ribbons
will twine,

Under mysterious
touches of thine,



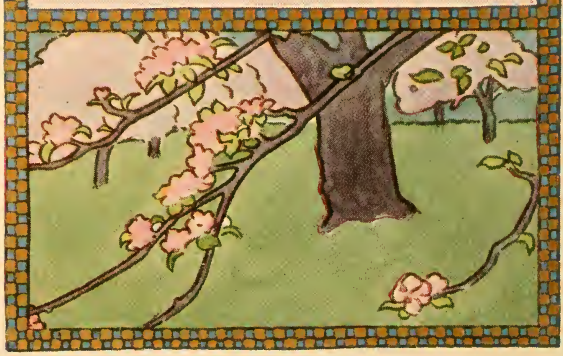
Into such knots as
entangle the soul

And fetter the
heart under such
a control

As only the
strength of my
love understands—

My passionate
love for your
beautiful hands.

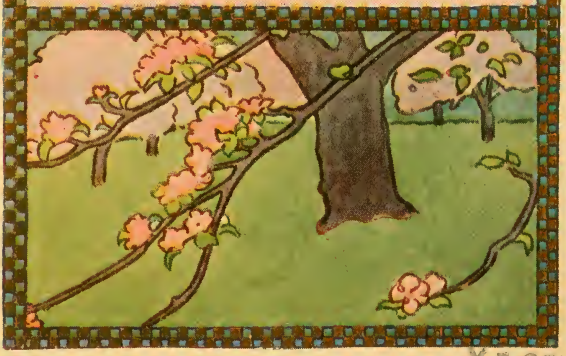
As I remember
the first fair touch
Of those beautiful
hands that I love
so much,
I seem to thrill as I
then was thrilled,
Kissing the glove that
I found unfilled—
When I met
your gaze, and
the queenly bow,



As you said to me,
laughingly, "Keep
it now!" . . .
And dazed and alone
in a dream I stand,
Kissing this ghost of
your beautiful hand.

When first I loved,
in the long ago,
And held your hand
as I told you so—
Pressed and caressed
it and gave it a kiss

And said "I could die
for a hand like this!"
Little I dreamed
love's fullness yet
Had to ripen when
eyes were wet
And prayers
were vain in their
wild demands
For one warm
touch of your
beautiful hands.



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